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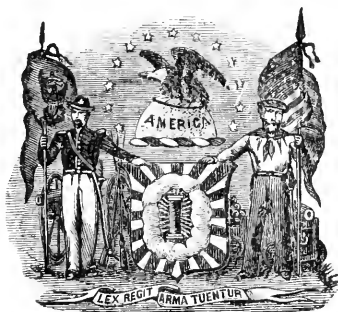
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# Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

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Commandery of the District of Columbia

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In Memoriam :

Companion

**William McKinley**

President of the United States



MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES

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Commandery of the District of Columbia

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STATED MEETING OF NOVEMBER 6, 1901

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IN MEMORIAM:  
Companion WILLIAM McKINLEY  
BREVET MAJOR U. S. VOLUNTEERS

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Gift

Miss A. C. Koerfer

Apr. 30 '14

# MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES, Commandery of the District of Columbia.

HEADQUARTERS, CITY OF WASHINGTON,  
NOVEMBER 6, 1901.

- I. A Stated Meeting was held in this City, this date.
- II. When called to order the Commander directed that Commandery-in-Chief Circular No. 10, current series, dated September 14, ultimo, viz :  
"MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES,  
COMMANDERY-IN-CHIEF.

CIRCULAR No. 10.)  
Series of 1901. }  
Whole No. 166. }

PHILADELPHIA, September 14, 1901.

I. The Commander-in-Chief announces with feelings of the deepest sorrow that the President of the United States, Companion Major WILLIAM McKINLEY, was assassinated at Buffalo, N. Y., on September 6, 1901, and died at Buffalo, N. Y., September 14, 1901.

II. Appropriate action, expressive of the nation's great loss and of our bereavement, will be taken by the Commanderies of the Order at the first meeting after the receipt of this Circular.

III. The Colors of the Commanderies will be draped for a period of ninety days.

By command of

Lieut.-General JOHN M. SCHOFIELD, U. S. A.,  
*Commander-in-Chief.*

JOHN P. NICHOLSON,  
Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. V.,  
*Recorder-in-Chief.*

*Official.*

JOHN P. NICHOLSON,  
*Recorder-in-Chief."*

be read for the information and governance of the Commandery, and upon the reading thereof it was ordered that the proceedings of the Meeting be solely "In Memoriam" the distinguished dead.

III. Said proceedings are herewith published.

By command of

Brevet Brigadier-General ELLIS SPEAR, U. S. Volunteers,  
COMMANDER.

W. P. HUXFORD,  
Brevet-Major U. S. Army,  
RECORDER.





# Prayer

CHAPLAIN JAMES H. BRADFORD.

Our Father in Heaven, we come to thank Thee to-night for that life which is so precious to us; life which goes out so suddenly, and sometimes so unexpectedly; life which enables us to go on our way and enjoy the things which are about us. We do not protect ourselves; it is Thy hand which is over us and about us; Thou dost shield us and protect us. We thank Thee for life. We thank Thee to-night for lives of noble men who are an inspiration to us; who, charged with great responsibility, have unselfishly wrought for the welfare of this nation and the world.

We pray for Thy blessing; we pray that Thy blessing may come upon all the members of this Commandery, and our Companions, over the land and through the world, wherever they may be; we pray Thee for them, and ask that Thou wilt guide and protect them, and be their shield in danger, and keep them from the evil that is in the world.

We pray for our nation. We thank Thee for the multitude of blessings which have come to us, all the way down since our fathers first came to this country,

and we thank Thee for Thy great mercy and favor which came upon us recently, when Thou didst lay Thy mighty hand upon us, when Thou didst make us to triumph; we thank Thee that thou didst not forget us. We desire to thank Thee, and pray for Thy blessing upon all parts of this great land; upon all who dwell under our flag from ocean to ocean, and in the islands of the sea. Let Thy blessing rest, O Lord, on him who has been so suddenly and unexpectedly called to that highest position of all in our nation; give him wisdom and strength, help him and guide him in all those duties which rest upon him.

Help her, O Lord, who has been so suddenly and sorely stricken in the loss of the one she loved most above all others in this life. Be very gracious and kind to her.

We pray for our comrades, for those who are suffering, by reason of those who have been gathered into Eternity since last we met together.

We give ourselves to Thee to-night. Grant that the words spoken here may make an impression upon us, upon our hearts and minds, so that when we go forth from this hall we may be glad that we dwell in this great land.

We pray Thee for such blessings upon all our people,

upon ourselves and those dear to us, as seem proper to Thee, saying :

“ Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil : For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.”

“ Nearer, my God, to Thee ”—(Quartette.)



A Committee appointed by the Commander presented the following

## Memorial.

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The Commandery of the District of Columbia, Military Order of the Loyal Legion, animated by a feeling of profound veneration for the high character of our late Companion, WILLIAM MCKINLEY, the President of the United States, and of pride in his devotion of a lifetime to the best interests of his native land, unite with all patriotic citizens of our country, and people of all lands, in deploring his untimely death.

Companion WILLIAM MCKINLEY was born in the town of Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, January 29, 1843. His education was received in the public schools of his native State, supplemented by a term in the Poland Academy, and one at Alleghany College. He enlisted in the 23d Ohio Volunteer Infantry as a private soldier on the 11th day of June, 1861, in his nineteenth year; was promoted successively to Sergeant, Second Lieutenant, First Lieutenant, and Captain, and served on the staffs of Generals Hayes,

Crook, and Hancock. He was brevetted Major for gallantry in action by President Lincoln in March, 1865.

After his muster-out in July following, he took up the study of law, and was admitted to practice at the bar in 1867. He was elected to Congress in 1876, and served for fourteen years as a member of that body, becoming famous as the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. He was elected Governor of Ohio in 1891, and re-elected in 1893; elected President of the United States in 1896, and triumphantly re-elected in 1900. His life as President was but a continuation of his life in Congress and in the gubernatorial chair of the State of Ohio—virtuous, amiable, and exemplary—true, strong, and brave. He became a member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion on March 7, 1883, through this Commandery.

The President was the most devoted of sons and husbands; his affection for mother and wife was unfeigned, constant, and gentle; he was a living example of all that was possible in domestic life. Stricken down by the hand of a morbid assassin in the fulness of life; ushered into the presence of death, he did not falter; his thought was not for himself, but for his wife. "See that no exaggerated report reaches her," were the first words he uttered; then, with the

courage that always distinguished him, he at once submitted to the surgeon's knife. His trust being in God, he was sanguine almost to the last; but as the end drew near, he realized the inevitable; he expressed no word of vengeance upon the assassin, nor exhibited the least desire for his punishment. The nation, the whole civilized world, was shocked, but the President's soul was unshaken.

His many acts of kindness and generosity, his tender consideration for others, have endeared him to all; his many acts of wisdom have left their impress upon the pages of American history; his conduct through his entire life will ever be a shining example for his countrymen. Bright recollections of him are left behind, and, though dead, he will live in the memories of his countrymen as long as the Republic endures.

In the death of this great and good man, the nation mourns the loss of a Chief Magistrate whose just sway had endeared him to the whole people, whose broad statesmanship and large views of national and international issues had won for him the respect and admiration of the civilized world; and whose Christian character, pure life, and devotion to duty gave to all men an example worthy in the highest degree of their emulation.

To us, his companions in the Military Order of the

Loyal Legion, especially as members of the Commandery through which he was admitted to the Order, his tragic death was fraught with peculiar poignancy. We mourn him, not only as the revered Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, but more particularly as a sharer with us in the trials and triumphs of the great struggle which secured to us and to our posterity the blessings of a united country.

While our hearts are bowed down in sorrow that one whose earthly career, patterned upon the loftiest ideals of human greatness, and made notable by patriotic achievement, has suddenly been cut down in the prime of his usefulness, we are humiliated by the fact that there are dwelling among us, as citizens of our beloved country, men who applaud the terrible deed of the assassin.

And while we unite in an earnest protest against the license given to anarchistic editors and lecturers to utter seditious and treasonable sentiments under cover of a strained construction of a clause in the Constitution of the United States guaranteeing free speech and a free press, we, with equal earnestness, urge upon the commonwealths of the country the importance of incorporating in the curriculum of common school education such text-books as shall inculcate lessons of patriotism, thereby training the youth of the land to



view with horror and detestation the crime of assassination.

In the death of Companion WILLIAM MCKINLEY, we, the members of this Commandery, mourn the loss of an honorable member of our Order, whose well-balanced mind and lofty character commends itself alike to the soldier, the statesman, the husband, and the Christian, as an example worthy of emulation.

To her who was the light of President McKinley's young manhood and ever the object of his tenderest care and solicitude we proffer our sincerest sympathy, commending her to the loving kindness of Him who, alone, in this transitory life, can succor and comfort those who mourn.

Tender hands have laid him in his honored grave. A stricken nation has placed its laurels upon his bier, and offered to the desolate widow, who loved him, their deepest sympathy, in which we reverently join.

“It is God's way; His will be done.”

GEORGE A. WOODWARD,  
*Colonel, U. S. A.,*

GEORGE W. BAIRD,  
*Commander, U. S. N.,*

GILBERT C. KNIFFIN,  
*Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. V.,*  
*Committee.*

## Addresses

in consonance with the foregoing Memorial were made by Companions, called upon by the Commander, as follows :

**Brevet Major-General Joseph R. Hawley, U. S. V.**

Companions, I hardly expected to be called so early to address you this evening, and I confess that I am not as well prepared as I would like to be.

I do not know what preparation would be suitable or fitting, unless it should be that which belongs to a great poet and a great orator, neither of which I am. As time passes, in my judgment the estimate of William McKinley, great as it is now the world over, will rise higher and higher. I am just youthful enough to think that it is the noblest character in all history. He was three years a soldier—his record is good ; he was about fifteen years a Representative in Congress—he rapidly became one of the most useful and valuable men in that Congress. Ohio understood him, and kept him its Governor for four years ; he had been a President four years and seven months—a term of public service amounting in all to twenty-six years and seven months.

There is no criticism, there is not a rumor nor a whisper that he was a bad boy. He must have begun life a good boy—an obedient, faithful, studious, loving son.

He made a most honorable record as a soldier. Of course he had not time to rise to great rank, but such rank as he had he honored. He made an able and honorable record as a member of Congress. He was a peculiar man in some respects. If ever a man loved all the world it was William McKinley. He had not an ill feeling, not an unkind feeling, towards any human being. His heart went out towards the welfare of all, towards dealing in love and justice with all men. He loved all mankind, and at his death the world showed that it loved him. There is nothing like it in history—the universal gush of affection, respect and love that came, strange to say, from all civilized nations, and even from some that made not much claim to civilization. The whole world seemed to understand him. That was what surprised me—to find that his general character was so well known everywhere. I suppose that the journals of all the world, who were well excellently equipped, immediately spread that knowledge before their peoples, and the authorities of all the nations of any consequence

hastened to tender to us their hearty, loving sympathy, their profound regret, and their condemnation of the awful wickedness of his taking off. Was there ever anything like it? Was there ever a man who could win that affection and all these testimonials until McKinley came out upon the world? I do not know of any. I do not know a man in history. It is almost divine.

Over all the world, if we may judge by what we read in the newspapers and the correspondence everywhere, the world spoke of him with moistened eyes and quivering lips. I had the honor to be on the funeral train that brought his remains from Buffalo to Washington. If I might live a thousand years I could never forget the journey. The casket was placed high enough in the funeral car to let the people simply have a chance to see it through the plate-glass windows. From the start the road was lined with people. I do not know how many thousands and hundreds of thousands of the people of Pennsylvania were by the side of the road to look at him. From every shop of whatever kind, foundry or whatever else, the dusty men streamed out as our train approached, and, of course, without an order, without a suggestion or a sign from anybody, they all lined up by the side of

the road, took off their hats, and saluted with profound reverence; and where there were no shops or factories, or where there was no village, the farmers and their wives and their children aligned themselves along the road. The sight was one never, never to be forgotten. And when we came to the larger city of Harrisburg, I did not know before that so many people lived in the county, or in half the State. The same scenes were repeated, the same manifestations of sorrow. And, besides the men coming out the mothers were there, and the sisters, and the daughters were there, and little children—the little children three and four years old—were there, and I know that if they recollect anything they will never forget it. They got up close to their mothers' knees and stood as the procession went by, with as much of an air as if they had been fifty years old.

And when we came to Washington, you know, many of you, what the appearance of the great avenue, Pennsylvania Avenue, is; and there, again, men, women and children came out from every large street and from every by-street, and stood in a drizzling rain; the little children, as I remember very well, huddling up between their mother's knees, getting a trifle of shelter from an umbrella. All these things, wher-

ever there was an opportunity for a demonstration, showed a profound love of William McKinley. One of the signal demonstrations of the time was the request that at 3.30, the hour of the obsequies out at Canton, all business should stop. To the best of my knowledge and belief it was carried out. The street cars stopped; the steam cars stopped; everything, I am told, even in the large cities, in the way of pleasure and business, ceased instantly for five minutes; and hats were off, heads were bowed, eyes were wet. Did the world ever see or hear of anything like that? All men who love their mothers and their wives loved him—a devoted son, a devoted husband, a devoted father.

It is almost a reflection upon McKinley to think it necessary to say—it is not necessary to say—that he was an incorruptible, absolutely honest and honorable gentleman from his earliest days. He was a singular man in some respects. He had less of anger, less of temper in his character, than any man I ever saw. Of course, in the period of twelve or fifteen years in which I was acquainted with him, I had often occasion to see him, and especially after he became President. It was my duty to go, as Chairman of the Military Committee, often into his office in the White House, and I am happy to say that I had the pleasure of

meeting him elsewhere a good many times. I pledge you my word that I never saw upon his face an unpleasant expression—I will not say an angry one, a disagreeable one—but that face was everlastingly sweet, calm, gentle, patient. I never saw any man like that.

And the taking off, the ending of all this, was absolutely glorious. “Good-bye, all! good-bye! It is God’s way, His will be done.” And the same way with his other expressions reported; they are wonderful; and from a man suffering as he suffered, and leaving a wife and those dear to him, they come with a force splendidly dramatic, and undoubtedly unpremeditated, and make utterances that the greatest man in the world could not have surpassed if he had studied and prepared himself. How deliciously sweet those last hours and minutes were. It makes us love and value human nature. It is a glory to mankind that such a man lived, and while our loss is, in some respects, irreparable and an evil, yet we have a right to be splendidly proud that America gave birth to him, and to thank God that he gave the world the example which McKinley’s life has set. His story must be told; the words must be written, as the great sculptor would make a statue; the ablest hands must so set him forth in our literature

that all the youth of the United States may see, and I want all the boys and all the young men to study the life of William McKinley, for the glory of the country. It will be an education to them. It will be a satisfaction to us, to the older fellows among us who are about to go away, to know that we are leaving the example of a man so glorious.

I could go on and talk in a general way for a considerable time, but I know that this meeting expects only short seasons of remark, and renewing assurances of my profound—well, I might say—worship of William McKinley, I leave the subject to others.



**Colonel George A. Woodward, U. S. A.**

Commander and Companions: I consider it a privilege to share in these services in honor of our late President, William McKinley, whose recent death at the hands of an anarchistic assassin was a shock not alone to our country, but to the civilized world. Of his character as statesman and Chief Magistrate I shall leave to others better fitted than I am to speak. I desire to advert very briefly to one or two of the lessons which I think this deplorable event should impress upon our minds. And first, as to anarchy and anarchists. While it is true that the slayer of President McKinley was American born and American bred, it is no less true that he learned the detestable doctrines which led to his crime at the feet of imported anarchists. It is time that we called a halt to the immigration of these propagators of moral and social chaos, for chaos it is, the utter abrogation of law and order and the destruction of the fair fabric of our civilization, of which these are the corner-stones, that the anarchist would bring about. Well may we exclaim in the strong and beautiful words of Thomas Bailey Aldrich :

O Liberty, white goddess! is it well  
 To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast  
 Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,  
 Lift the downtrodden; but with hand of steel  
 Stay those who to thy sacred portals come  
 To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care  
 Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn  
 And trampled in the dust.

And not only must we exclude anarchists proposing to enter the country, but we must get rid of those we have. It may be a nice question to determine how, but I believe that we can arouse and cultivate a sentiment among our people which shall operate as a boycott upon these pestiferous scoundrels. We can and ought to cultivate a public opinion which shall forbid respectable American citizens from employing anarchists, or patronizing in any way the man who does employ them. We should also take more pains to instil into our children's minds a reverence for law and order, and a horror of everything that militates against them.

Another of the lessons which this event teaches us is that times of prosperity, so far from being exempt from peril to those in high places, are, on the contrary, the very times when we should be most on the alert to guard our public servants from the danger of assassination. There is always that "submerged

tenth " who, by fault of their own, or by force of circumstances, have never shared and will never share in national prosperity, however widely it may seem to be diffused, and who by that very fact are more to be feared in such times than when times are harder. They see around them the evidences of a prosperity in which they have no part, and hear the note of jubilation which has no echo in their lives, and to their chronic discontent is added envy, to which succeed hatred and malice, a combination that spells murder.

Turning for a moment to the contemplation of McKinley as a man, it may be said that he was an ideal American. Born amid humble surroundings, with no adventitious aids to fortune, with only such advantages of education as are within reach of every American boy, he boldly faced the problems of life, and by sheer force of character and intellect rose step by step, gravitating ever upwards, until he reached the topmost height of human eminence. Conscious of his powers he was naturally and properly ambitious, but he was never over-elated by success or unduly cast down by misfortune. We of Washington, perhaps better than others elsewhere, know how modestly he bore himself in his great office, how unassuming was his demeanor on all occasions, and how exemplary his private life.

His end became him no less than had his career in life; contemplating it we are moved to admiration of the great qualities that it brought out. How Christ-like was the spirit of his injunction to those around him to do no harm to the wretch who had dealt him his death-wound; how characteristic was his loving thoughtfulness for his invalid wife; how consistent with his life's practice his Christian submission to the will of God; and last scene of all, how bravely he met the king of terrors, realizing to the full those lines of Bryant in his *Thanatopsis*:

\* \* \* When thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
\* \* \* go not like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

“I Cannot Always Trace the Way”—(Quartette).

**Lieutenant-General John M. Schofield, U. S. A.**

I am very glad indeed to be able to unite with the Companions of this Commandery, to which I belong, in paying a tribute of respect and affection to our great-hearted, kind-hearted Companion, William McKinley. His noble qualities are well known not only to his companions and fellow-citizens, but, as Companion Hawley has said, to all the civilized world.

There is, however, one of the noblest traits of human nature, not so conspicuous as the others, which has, perhaps, not been so well known, and I will therefore take the liberty of simply referring to it, from the opportunities which I myself had of observing him. His sense of justice, of right, was, I think, more keen, more acute, and his desire to see wrongs righted more earnest than that of any other man I ever knew. Mistakes in so great an office as his cannot always be avoided by the greatest and keenest foresight, and human nature is much too wont to say, "Well, it is past; we cannot help it; I did not know it; let it go." Not so William McKinley. He would say, without the

slightest desire to belittle the mistake, "Is there no way in which it can be corrected? I will gladly execute any plan which can be devised by which the wrong can be righted." His sense of justice was as keen and strong as his other great and noble qualities, and it is that which completed the structure which we call, and justly call, the perfect man.

**A. A. Paymaster Frank W. Hackett, late U. S. A.**

Commander and Companions, we met here last spring and said good-bye to each other, looking forward to the pleasures of vacation and of distance from the city during the summer, and looking forward, also, with genuine pleasure to coming here at the opening meeting and grasping hands fraternally and with affection. How little did anyone suspect at that meeting that this first meeting of the series would be devoted, as it is here to-night, to a subject in which our hearts well up with grief! Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

We must look through all the sadness and all the grief and all the trouble, and see the meaning behind. As Companion Hawley said at the beginning, it is easy to speak of William McKinley. You have got to speak right out of your heart, and "tell you that which you yourselves do know," and you speak into other men's hearts who have the same feeling. It is nothing new you tell, and it meets with a quick response, because fortunately here, in this audience at least, we all knew William McKinley.

And one of the wonderful characteristics of the man is that God gave him opportunity to come into personal contact and into affectionate relations with a larger number of his countrymen and countrywomen, probably than any other American who ever lived. And that was not simply because he was President of the United States, but because he had a heart that went out to every citizen of the United States, high or low.

We like, when we try to dwell in memory on the character—and that is what lives of a man after the body has passed away—we like to try and analyze that character and see if we can find some one salient point that seems to typify the man. When we come to apply this process to William McKinley I think we shall find that if there was one quality he exhibited above all others it was sincerity.

I was thinking this over this afternoon, and walking in company with my chief, Secretary Long, who was very dear, I know, to President McKinley. I spoke to him of it, and I asked him if it were not so, that there were two characteristics of our late President which were very marked—the one simplicity and the other sincerity. “Yes,” said the Secretary to me, “but are not those two the same thing?” I reflected a moment and I replied “Yes.” It is the sincere man



who is simple—simple in his character and simple in the expression of that character to others. And he told me—and he had a right to tell me because of his friendship with the President, for no man knew him better—that I was right in attributing to him as a predominating trait that most excellent quality of sincerity.

Now, William McKinley—and many of you here knew him as well, and some of you better, than I—had this peculiar habit: When you went to him, aside from business, and even on business, you found very quickly that he was turning the subject from himself to you. Almost the first question he put to you was regarding yourself and your dearest interests; and that was spontaneous and natural with him, because he was a man who found his happiness in making others happy.

I think we have never had in public life a man who exemplified that trait as President McKinley did. And this curious result has followed: I think if you talk about President McKinley to any man who knew him, that man will, you shall find, venture to believe that somehow the President was a little closer to him than to anybody else; and I think he impressed you, when you were with him, with that feeling. It was

not an illusion; it was born of the relations which existed at that time between you and him; he had so loving a heart.

Now this is not mere sentiment, I think. I know it is true and genuine and real; and that very thing, it seems to me, in the character of William McKinley, is bequeathed to his countrymen as a precious legacy, that will be fruitful of good to this country for years and years to come.

Just think of the influence, upon the country at large, of the death scene, which has been spoken of so feelingly by those who have preceded me. The last words, or almost the last words, of that man were "Good-bye"—not that alone—"Good-bye *all!*" That little word; how significant! It took in everybody, and everybody in the land felt that he was thought of by the President in that supreme moment.

The other day, as I was passing near the White House, I saw one of the faithful attendants coming along, grief depicted in his countenance, and I shook hands with him for the second time (for I had done it only a few days ago) and sympathized with him; and I spoke to him of this, and his face lighted up, and he said: "That was the remark that the President made to all of us when he left the White House." So I

infer that it was a common remark with him. But how beautiful that sweeping language "all." And that was typical of the man's nature.

I see placed here on these walls most appropriately pictures of the three great Americans on whom we shall rely in future generations as exemplifying the best traits of the American people. How dissimilar, and yet how alike are they! Washington—and the interesting fact in regard to Washington is that we to-day know him better than our forefathers did. The real Washington is depicted to us as he was not to them; Washington, who seems to have been selected by Divine Providence to bring this country out of its trials and place upon a firm foundation a free people.

Then Lincoln, that wonderful man with an infinite fund of practical sense, yet with a vein of poetry and womanly tenderness in him; a strange mixture, raised up at that period; the only man, probably, who could have guided us through those perilous times. And it would seem as though Washington and Lincoln had exhausted all those qualities of greatness possible to Americans as their country's representatives in the chair of the Presidency.

And McKinley.

But it was the fortune of William McKinley,

strangely enough (for there were no signs of it when he entered upon his office), to guide this country through the perils of another war. He was at the head of the Government; a peril greater than war confronted this country, for a new departure had come upon us. The wisdom and the capacity, the patience and the practical good sense that characterized every act of his proves that he was the right man in the right place, though the time has not, perhaps, come yet when we fully understand it.

Had McKinley living gone out of office, it would have been to look back upon a remarkably successful and wise administration. But God willed that it should not be thus—that there should be the story of his wonderful death. And in generations hence those scenes will be rehearsed. Nothing can ever surpass the heroism, the Christian fortitude, the thoughtfulness and unselfishness with which William McKinley met his fate, and passed from this world to another.

“Miserere Notis”—(Quartette).

**Brevet Brig.-General Charles F. Manderson, U. S. A.,**

OF THE  
COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF NEBRASKA.

Commander and Companions of the Commandery of the District of Columbia: It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and of sadness that I meet with you to-night; pleasure in seeing again the faces so familiar to me, and sadness when I think of the memorial occasion which has brought us together.

The Memorial and the addresses which you have heard have been of such high character that there is but little more to say in the way of eulogium upon the great dead. We all knew him; we all loved him; and we who were his companions and comrades feel deeper reverence for his memory, and greater regard, as we recall his delightful personality, than any others in a regretful world.

If one should come out of the nations past, capable of telling us personal recollections of Washington, how gladly would we hear him; and with what delight the elders among us, who had more or less familiar acquaintance with the great Lincoln, recall remi-

niscences of his life and characteristics. We all have, and rejoice in, our personal recollections of William McKinley. Some who are here served with him during the great days of the War from 1861 to 1865. That was not my fortune, as my military service was in a different Federal Army from that of Major McKinley. I was a young lawyer, just starting in my profession in Canton, Ohio, where I read law, when William McKinley, fresh from the field of war, came to that town to embark in the practice of the law. He was without acquaintances. He knew no one at Canton. If he brought letters of introduction I never knew it, and we who were of the younger bar of that day, recognizing in him one who had served with fair distinction during the civil strife, grasped his hand, more in the spirit of comradeship with one who had served under and followed the flag, than in any spirit of that fraternity which characterizes the legal profession. But it did not take long for us to have not only admiration for his lovable qualities but respect for his lawyerlike ability ; and had he chosen the legal profession for his life work, instead of the service of his country in a public way, I doubt not that William McKinley would have made his mark as a great lawyer.

I spoke of his lovable qualities, and they have been referred to appreciatively by others here to-night. He was as gentle as a girl. I do not believe that any man, even in the heat of a political struggle, hated or disliked him. I do not believe that any man, even though he may have been suffering from disappointed political hopes or expectations, ever had anything but affection for McKinley. His spirit was so gentle and the kindly elements were so mixed up in him that it could not be otherwise. And this is what makes the deep damnation of his taking off the unexplainable; because not only those who came in contact with him had this affection for him, but those who knew him not had like regard. Even the public press, however partisan its character, could not but have admiration for him, and eulogize the sterling qualities he possessed. One can somewhat explain that horrible deed that took Lincoln from the country. It was an incident of the dreadful time, perhaps the fitting grand climax of that struggle of the nation for life. His passing was the first step towards reconciliation, for the recoil from the horror of it worked for good. One can explain somewhat the taking off of Garfield at the hands of that miserable wretch crazed by his political disappointments. But how any man, unless he had in him the

attributes of a fiend incarnate, could strike down this lovable man, is beyond our comprehension or understanding. It is inexplicable.

The companion who has just spoken referred to what should be done with those who preach the doctrine of the anarchist, to those who would tear down and not build up, and he suggests remedies to reach the evils that threaten us. My companions, there are evils almost as great, if not fully as great, as that of anarchy. It is lamentable and most regrettable that there is permitted to exist a license of speech that is not freedom of speech, a license of the press that is not freedom of the press, that preaches the gospel of discontent with conditions however desirable, and of contempt for existing power. I believe, my companions, that just as strongly as the feeling of patriotism urged you in the dark days of old to gather together under your country's flag, just as strongly that same impulse of patriotism should prompt you not only to frown upon, but if possible, to punish the man, be he public speaker or be he editor, who preaches such contempt and abuses his privileges. This constant attack on those who hold place which comes with every election; this misrepresentation and abuse of all, for no official is too high to escape it; it reaches the President in the White House,



the Supreme Court in its chamber, and the Senators and Representatives of the United States representing the people in their majesty—it reaches them as well as the lesser men who are running for county offices, is most deplorable. Yes, we read these papers; we take them every morning as a thing of course, with their flaming incendiary headlines. Boycott, you say? There is the place to boycott. Punish by ostracism the man who dares to preach contempt for existing power, and punish by boycott the editor who will prostitute his press to such base uses as these, productive as they are of murder and treason.

McKinley was a soldier. His record we all know. And I think it may be said of him that his career in early life as a soldier fitted him to be the acceptable Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, that he proved to be. He who would command must first learn to serve, and William McKinley, in those old days, learned to serve and thus became fitted to command. Those who came in contact with him during the late war with Spain realize with what appreciation and suggestive wisdom he heard the plans as to how the enemy might be more speedily and more readily be reached and victory secured. He was a wise counsellor in war because he was a typical soldier.

In his capacity as citizen he left no duty unperformed. As a husband, tender beyond one's power to express of that invalid suffering wife, he endeared himself not only to every woman, but to every man, by his tender care for her in her distress.

He was a statesman, and I doubt if any man who has ever filled the Presidential office so imprinted himself upon the legislation of the country as William McKinley. I can recall no predecessor, from Washington down, of whom it may be said that he not only conceived that which was good, but by reason of his long legislative experience brought that conception to be an actual living reality. As a law-maker he was both theoretical and practical.

He was a Christian, showing it in his daily walk; gloriously showing it at the time of his death; meeting the end with serene composure and unfaltering trust.

It is said that he above any other man was the ideal American, having the capacity to fulfil every duty in public and private life to its utmost requirement. As Companion Hackett spoke of the three portraits on yonder wall, enshrined in the flag of our country, and draped with the symbols of woe, I could not but feel that he was right, and that he who decorated this hall rightly placed there the three

faces looking down upon us in kindly recognition—Washington the Father, Lincoln the Saviour, McKinley the Example.

## **Bear Admiral Edwin Stewart, U. S. N.**

Mr. Commander and Companions, in the hush of the great sorrow which fell upon the country in the death of President McKinley, there was revealed, as in a flash, before the eyes of the world, a vision of character most beautiful, and of manhood most exalted; a vision, so exquisite, of character so pure and of manhood so lofty, it electrified the world, and everywhere men gazed with reverence upon it, recognizing in him whom it portrayed one of earth's noblest spirits, a truly great man, humanity's truest friend. Seldom has it been given to any man to accomplish so much for his country, or to fill so large a place in the thoughts, the respect and the affections of the world, as fell to the lot of William McKinley. As a soldier who risked his life for the saving of his country, we honor his memory; as a statesman, under whose wise counsels and strong administration this nation was brought to its foremost place among the nations of the world, we hold him in highest estimation, and rank him among the greatest of our Presidents. As a man, genial, sweet-souled, unselfish, chivalrous, wise, the world will always

look upon him as one of the greatest of earth. Like Lincoln, he fell a martyr in the hour of his greatest glory, to become like him, from thenceforth and forevermore, a living and inspiring force in the character and history of the American people.

“One sweetly, solemn thought”—(Solo.)

**Colonel Carroll D. Wright, U. S. V.**

Commander and Companions, you give one a hard service to perform, after this eloquence, and from men who knew our martyred comrade; and yet the task left to me may be somewhat important, for I wish to draw from the life and death of McKinley a few of the great ethical lessons which we may learn, and my knowledge of the President and my observation of his life and of his character only emphasize these ethical conclusions.

It is at such times that the greatness of the nation is to be found in the strongest light. It is not during periods of prosperity, or even of business adversity, but when all the people of a great and proud Republic are called to mourn the loss of its Chief.

And what, one may ask, has been gained by our sad experience? I might ask, Mr. Commander, what has been lost but the image? The reality still exists. McKinley has gained the influence which no human life could maintain. His life is now grafted on the Infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Everything gains by his life and death. Politics gains, and politics is simply the business of the public.

Politics gains, because a grand life will be studied in the truest light—that of its worth; and all, whether friend or foe, must admire the life of McKinley, however much they may disagree with his politics. And the unwritten features of McKinley's political life will, in the future, give a greater gain to political work.

Political science gains, for his words will be quoted and his speeches rehearsed as they would not be were he living. The real McKinley we know cannot die. Lincoln is still alive, and all men who have carved their names into the period which produced them have lived. Is any man that was ever fit to live dead? We must, to use the language of our other martyred comrade, Garfield, "remember always that this life is a battle where we struggle on to a beginning, but it is in the endless cycles of eternity that our lives must be rounded and perfected."

Public morality gains, for the death of McKinley teaches the world anew that political assassinations never accomplish the object for which they are undertaken, whether the crime is committed by one man or is the result of a conspiracy.

The inevitable laws of justice gain new force, our love of fair play is quickened, and all the sources of the springs of right-doing are made to give vitalizing

tone to our actions; for we honor our own motives when we condemn injustice, whether that condemnation comes through memorial services or through acts which restrain the vicious.

And so the dignity of law and order gains new charms, and the nations of the earth will applaud all our efforts to preserve law and order, and we shall prove ourselves worthy the heritage of the fathers by insisting that deeds of violence do not become a great people.

Domestic virtue gains, for we have seen in the life of McKinley the sweetest devotion the public has ever witnessed. Looking back upon the journey to the Pacific coast, we find the Chief Magistrate of the nation giving up his plans to devote his time, his attention, and his care to his companion in life, and his first thought after the attack upon his life was one of care for his wife's feelings. The lesson to the world which McKinley has taught in the grandeur of domestic virtue would entitle him not only to a monument, but to an epitaph.

Diplomacy gains, for American diplomacy has taught the world that truth is better than falsehood. The splendid action of McKinley in the diplomacy growing out of the Spanish War has taught the world a lesson ;



and our own diplomacy, which had not before won applause or even commendation, is beginning to be the key-note of diplomatic effort everywhere.

And the American soldiery gains. The 19th of September, the day on which McKinley's remains were given back to his Maker, was the thirty-seventh anniversary of Sheridan's great battle of the Opequon. Those of you here who stood in the ranks with McKinley at that time, through your recollection of your struggle, become better men. It is the habit of the world to condemn war as brutal, but the world will always applaud the true, brave soldier, and the bearing of McKinley was that of a true, brave soldier. He proved it a generation ago. He proved it recently, when he extended the hand of friendship to the men against whom he fought then. He has proved it again by dying as a soldier, in the courage with which he met his death and the circumstances attending it. American soldiery always gains by the life of a true, brave man, who has had the patriotism and the courage to fight the battles of his country.

Grandest than all, religion gains. Religion, a Christian life, is worth more to-day than it was when the President was attacked. One of the great wants of the day in every direction is a deeper and more prevail-

ing, practical religious devotion. The spectacle of the greatest man in the land struggling with death and yet approaching the end with all the resignation and contentment the Christian faith affords, can have but one result; and as religion begets patriotism, patriotism gains by the very loss we are called upon to mourn. It is not loss; it is gain. The righteousness of the nation comes to the view of the world, and we are again taught that without righteousness no nation can stand; it must underlie all the foundations of the state or the state cannot endure. By this test, patriotism and religion bind the state to the purest devotion to the highest principles—the principles that form the basis of the life of our martyred President.

In the grandest outburst of sympathy and the beautiful religious sentiment which the death of McKinley has brought into activity, we see the strength of the structure our fathers built, and in the beams from the cross of our martyr we see the future glory of the temple of the Republic.

Basking in this light, we cannot fear for the cause of humanity as symbolized by our institutions. Parties may die, parties may commit wrong, the government may be changed by the supreme will of the people, but the cause of humanity will not die so long

as righteous conduct constitutes the God-ordained platform upon which popular sovereignty must stand. Keep the God-idea of national completeness at the head of our patriotic resolutions; let the children learn the lessons of such sorrows as we have passed through; let the youth take the life of McKinley into their lives, and learn by studying him the value of consecrated effort allied to strong religious convictions, and that success means a good and pure life lived well in the chosen path, whatever it may be.

And we are taught another lesson, because by the death of President McKinley we come to a parting of the ways, and it is of supreme interest for us, because in all human probability he is the last President to come from the ranks of those who participated in the Civil War. From Lincoln to McKinley, with one exception, all were soldiers; but all brought forward the recollections of the great struggle. Now comes the parting of the ways—a new generation, a new century of men.

On the Isthmus of Darien, it is said, there is at one point a neck of land so narrow that at times the listener can catch the roar of the two oceans. So we are standing between the old and the new, for at the close of a most marvelous century we look with intense curiosity to the unfolding of the new era. This is

narrow ground, and we catch the receding echoes of the past while we listen to the approaching sounds of the future. We are standing on an isthmus, and we hear the roar of the oceans, but let us not be confused and take the receding wave for the oncoming, but be ready to meet the oncoming wave, even if it be a tidal wave of change. The life of McKinley is the receding wave, which is now almost a ripple, of the events following 1861, and his life is a grand, sweet benediction on the old way. The new man that comes in will have the prayers of the nation with him, for he represents the oncoming wave of youth, of a new generation, of a new century. Let McKinley's death be sanctified for the good of the whole, and let us feel that the real McKinley lives and represents all the best that is in the immediate past. Rich we were in the possession; richer we are in the depth of our grief by the very memories his name will arouse, and from the glad knowledge that he will live with Washington and with Lincoln. Out of the nation's Gethsemane the people will come purified from the holy incense arising from their own altars, lighted by the fires of their own patriotism, and which they will keep burning in the true spirit of religion, and of devotion to the principle of divine supremacy in the rule of the nations of the earth.

## Brigadier-General John M. Wilson, U. S. A.

Commander and Companions: Another star has fallen below the political horizon, and the shadows of evening still hover over a nation that was illumined by its brilliancy.

William McKinley, our noble Chief Magistrate, our beloved Companion, is no more.

Suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, he has been called before the Great White Throne—has been welcomed with those glowing words, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;” and to-day he is among that glorious band of saints which surrounds the Redeemer’s throne.

When Joshua, the great high priest of the Lord, the heroic leader of the legions of the Israelites, defied the cohorts of the five kings of the Amorites who had combined to destroy the inhabitants of Gibeon because they had made peace with his people, he commanded the sun and the moon to stand still while he annihilated his enemies and they obeyed him; and we are told in Holy Writ that “there was no day like that before or after it.”

But while the spirit of our immortal President was winging its flight to the realms of everlasting happiness, and his body was being consigned to its last earthly resting-place at the home of his young manhood, the American people, for the first time in the history of the new world, commanded the wheels of commerce to stand still, suspended the business of the nation, closed the instruments that permit the lightning's power to control the myriad of wires that cover our beloved land, and with bowed head and bended knee prayed for Divine help in their hour of deepest sorrow.

It was my good fortune to have been called before our knightly chieftain on a number of occasions during his first administration, a period which redounded so grandly to the glory of the nation, to have listened to his counsel and advice, and to have drawn inspiration from his words of wisdom.

Three of these interviews impressed me most forcibly; the first was when I appeared before the President and his cabinet after the destruction of the fleets of Spain by our gallant Navy at Manila and Santiago, and when the interests of our commerce demanded the removal of the submarine mines from our harbors.

I had been before this august body upon a previous

occasion—had explained the character and method of manipulating these mines—and had received the utmost courtesy. At this interview I was asked the direct question, “Do you recommend the removal of the mines?”

The press of the country at this period was filled with rumors of complications and possible war with Germany, and my mind at once reverted to these rumors.

I described the location and condition of the mines which protected our harbors, not contact mines, but those manipulated by electric power from the shore—peaceful to our friends, but terrible to our enemies. Deeply interested in my subject, I closed by saying that so far as Spain was concerned the destruction of her fleets rendered her powerless to damage our sea-coast cities, and that the mines might be removed at once; but I added, “if, Mr. President, there are international complications with other European powers that forebode danger to the nation, a subject with which you are familiar and I am ignorant, I earnestly recommend that the mines shall remain intact for the present.”

With that beautiful smile and courtly bearing for which he was so noted he quickly said, “General you can remove the mines.”

It was a relief to know that our friends of the press were in error so far as war with Germany was concerned.

Last autumn I visited Vicksburg, Mississippi, in connection with the engineering operations in progress for the improvement of its harbor and with the proposed magnificent park which is to cover the area fought over by the Union troops under the immortal General Grant and the Confederate troops under General Pemberton.

It was my first visit since our forces had captured that city and opened the great Mississippi river, from the Mexican sea to the Falls of St. Anthony, to the commerce of the nation.

At a camp-fire of the blue and the gray, the evening after my arrival, the toast of "The Old Flag and Sound Money" was answered by a soldier of the lost cause. His tribute to our first martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, was sublime, while that to the flag of the nation scintillated with patriotism and devotion to the stars and stripes. His address was received with unbounded enthusiasm, and was followed by others of a like character from soldiers of the South who were present.

Upon my return to Washington, I described the scene to our beloved President, and told him of the



wondrous change in the public sentiment at Vicksburg since the terrible conflict which ended in the surrender of that great stronghold of the Confederacy. He listened to me with the deepest interest, and when I had finished my story arose to his feet, and raising his right hand, his face uplifted towards the eternal throne, exclaimed, "God reigns, General Wilson."

Once again it was my privilege to meet him when he expressed himself in a single sentence that history will transmit to generations yet unborn, in words never to be forgotten.

The subject under consideration was one near and dear to him—the Memorial Bridge which is to unite the National Capital with the last resting-place on earth of a host of the immortal heroes who died in the defence of the Nation. I wanted a name for that bridge which would be acceptable to every American. I wish that interview could have been recorded. I wish the people of our country could have heard his expressions of love and admiration for those whose bodies rest on the hillside and amid the groves at Arlington. Rising, as he was wont to do when deeply interested in a subject, he raised his right hand and, sublime in his eloquence, said, "General, let it be a monument to American patriotism."

Such it must be, such it will be; while at its débouché in the Capital of the nation must rise a magnificent arch, modelled after the vault of Heaven, to this noblest of modern heroes, this knightly soldier, statesman, patriot and Christian gentleman, this lover of his country and of his home, this model husband, faithful unto death, this President under whose administration the American Republic has suddenly leaped forward and planted its flag in the forefront of the nations of the world.

Let the McKinley arch be erected. Let the great bridge be built as a memorial to American patriotism; and let a grand boulevard be constructed uniting the National Capital with the last resting-place on earth of those who gave up their lives in the defence of the unity of the Republic, and with the tomb of the immortal Washington, at Mount Vernon.

Of William McKinley it could well be said, "His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, '*This was a man!*' "

Let the youths of the nation, who are now serving their squirehood in the strife with the world for those honors which come to true, noble manhood, bow their heads and bend their knees before the King of kings,

the Lord God of hosts, and humbly pray that they may be endowed with the loyalty, the valor, the statesmanship, the nobility of character, the love of country and of his fellow-man, of this true patriot who has been taken from us, whose memory will be revered, whose character will be an example for future generations so long as the American flag shall wave over a united country, the emblem of civil and religious liberty.

Captain Samuel S. Burdette, U. S. A.

The greatest of the philosophers now living, who speaks our tongue, has said, "The power which the universe manifests to us is utterly inexplicable." We see affirmation of this saying in the life-giving sun as well as in the devouring darkness of the storm; we feel it as we laugh and are glad and whilst we weep and are comfortless. We stand aside from the avalanche and are saved; we step on the pebble and fall to our death; we face the enemy in open battle and live; the assassin lifts his hand and the end has come. "*It is His way,*" said the dying President. We who remain, recalling the useful and beautiful past of our companion, and the future of need and promise for his country which to our understanding it should have been his to supply, can only say with the philosopher it "is utterly inexplicable."

The hope which "springs eternal in the human breast" looks through eyes which are not mortal; what its fruition may be is for eternity to tell. The vision of those who remain, if calling their own lives

to the judgment, is only retrospect; if dealing with their departed fellows it is the narrow space which separates the cradle and the grave. There is a larger vision, human but not individual. It also looks backward. We call it history. It rescues from oblivion here and there a name, and on that fulcrum frames the epitaph of that myriad of nameless ones who made the story of their age.

We are not oblivious of the great happenings which have marked the advance or retreat of the races from which we sprung; but, as a people, we know only, as a country, our half of the American continent and the little more than a century within which we have exercised the national life. Until past the middle of the present year there were but two names which in our history stood for epochs, and whose epitaphs were written for and by the people from whom they sprung, from whom they received their mission and their inspiration, and at whose bidding they wrought the deeds which made them and their age immortal. You know these names and their work. Each of them gentle of heart, loving his kind, seeing in every man a brother, yet wrought out his mission with the sword.

I do not *assert* that when our companion fell at Buffalo another epoch-making name had passed into

our history, so that thenceforward, on the roll of fame, that of McKinley shall follow that of Lincoln, as by universal acclaim the man of Illinois stands next in honor to the father of his country. The account is not made up; the forces are yet in motion toward the ends which, when reached, must form the basis of our own and the world's judgment in that regard. I *believe* that in due time that judgment will canonize an American trinity in which the name of William McKinley will appear.

The aspirations and ambitions of an age must have for their product a means of expression and a fitting hand for their execution. Lacking these, the noblest impulses and the mightiest purposes are but dreams. The clock of destiny strikes a conquering note only when the proper man and hour appear. The pilot may wreck the ship in sight of the port which she had almost reached in spite of stress and storm.

It fell to the lot of the late President to command in that momentous period in our history when the national consciousness awoke to the realization of its power, its duty and its destiny.

To establish a government on foundations good enough for peace and prosperity at home, and strong enough for defence against the enemy, was the task of

Washington and those who wrought with him. Alive to the fact that the powers of the earth, whose united strength was great in comparison with that of the infant Republic, must, at heart, be counted either as strangers or enemies, because of the reproach our form of government cast upon their own, our ambitions and anxieties were turned in upon ourselves. We left to the indefinite future the world tasks, if such there might be, that should fall to our lot for solution.

To preserve so much of land and power and liberty as had been achieved, and to free it from reproach, was the present and mighty task of the liberator President. It was so performed that they who upheld his steadfast hands, nor looked beyond the very hour of consummation, might well rejoice, as with full hearts they did, on that one-day's ingathering. But the result of that struggle had in it the "promise and potency" of greater things for the nation, to happen within the lifetime of thousands of those who had fought out the issue in the field or were lookers-on in the conflict. There was henceforward one light of liberty to guide the feet of all; one road to wealth on which no clank of fetters would be heard; one country and one destiny for all; one sun of hope and ambition shining with equal warmth in the door of the cabin

and the mansion, whether in mountain-glen or plain, whether on lake, or gulf, or ocean. And out of this our eyes have seen the standing forth, on the wilderness plain of a hundred years ago, the premier nation of the civilized world. This great result was not wrought out within the period of the presidency of William McKinley; no elogist would put forth so extravagant a claim. It had its culmination within that term. The nation's comprehension of its mission, the realization of its power, and the sense of its duty and its future needs, came in their fullness under his presidency. To him was deputed the task of raising the flag of the Republic over alien peoples and, whether for weal or woe, linking them and their country to our destiny. For doing this duty so laid upon him by the great majority of those whose servant he was, and for this cause alone, evil was said of him by the narrow few whose comprehensions are of yesterday.

One of larger faith and truer vision has said, "Even those of our people who are neither readers of history nor students of the science of politics are beginning to understand that the silent and irresistible law of growth, which expands the girdle of the tree, is an equally irresistible law of our national life which



neither legislators, jurists, nor sentimentalists can suspend or control."

When the bramble complained to the oak that its roots interfered with its own and its branches shut out its sun the reply was, "I am the oak."

He did not make the law he executed nor was he the epoch in which he stands enshrined ; but no one man of the millions who mourned him felt more keenly the solemnity of the hour which struck for his country when its people placed their sword in his hands, and no son of the Republic has in any era of its history wielded it more wisely than did he in attaining the ends for which it was unsheathed.

While yet the dew of youth was upon his cheek he left the plow in the furrow to arm himself for the battle whose fortunes were decisive of all our future. In riper years he became the invincible leader of those who maintained that system of finance and trade which has nourished our people with a fullness none others enjoy, laid up a store of wealth beyond the dream of the most sanguine, and given initiative and a supporting hand to the high aims which dominate our national life.

Having thus cared for his own household, by his

last official utterances, made under the shadow of impending fate, he proved his right to a first place among those whose helpful vision is as wide as the human race. He invoked the spirit of reciprocal dealings among the nations, though well knowing that out of our great storehouse there was more to give than to be received.

As it was with his great predecessors, so it was with him, there was no blemish upon his private character which called for the mantle of charity.

He was very dear to his fellow countrymen, for he was in all desirable things one of them. He had a home in every heart that was clean, and his footsteps would have been a sound of joy at the threshold of any door within which the virtues of our race find an abiding-place.

His human sympathies led him into the fellowship of those fraternal associations which are formed to perpetuate the memory of events which should not perish and of principles that should not die. He was a Brother, a Comrade, and a Companion.

He loved the book his mother reverently read, and prayed the prayer she taught him. If now, at the high noon of our history, it were meet, in a land where

all are equals, and where each is emulous of all in love of country, to yet distinguish one as standing somewhat above, yet for us all, a fitting epitaph would be :

“ *William McKinley,*  
*The American.* ”

“Doxology. ”





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